

A. W. AUNER, SONG PUBLISHER & PRINTER,
Tenth and Race Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.

CRICKET ON THE HEARTH.

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Catalogue of Songs sent free.

Oh the birds have flown away, and the flow'rs have died and wither'd,
And the autumn leaves they now are falling fast,
As I sit alone to-night by the dear old hearthstone fire,
Fond mem'ries 'round my heart they sweetly cast.
'Twas there my dear old mother and my father sat at night,
While on the hearth the cricket it would sing,
It's sad and lonely song, 'till the embers died away,
Oh, my heart around those happy days doth cling.

Listen to the cricket song singing on the hearth,
Recollections fond it brings of days once full of mirth,
Listen to the cricket song, singing there to-night,
Could I only call them back, those happy days so bright.

Oh 'twas when a boy at home, in my mother's arms I nestled,
And I listen'd to the sweet songs she would sing,
As I sat upon her knee, in those happy days so bright,
Sweet thoughts of her to me they ever bring.
Oh, happy were those days to me, so full of childish glee,
When ev'ry moment passed in joyous mirth,
They'll never more return, those sunny days to me,
When the cricket sung its songs upon the hearth.

Listen to the cricket song singing on the hearth,
Recollections fond it brings of days once full of mirth,
Listen to the cricket song, singing there to-night,
Could I only call them back, those happy days so bright.

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